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A SONG OF WORLD-WIDE LOVE.

(In memory of James Whitcomb Riley.)

By Logan P. Martin.

The world is bowed in grief today,
Sad is the human race,
James Whitcomb Riley's passed away,
And vacant is his place.

The little children's feet are still,
Their joy has fled away,
Their hearts no more with gladness thrill,
No more they romp and play.

The songbirds all have ceased their lay,
And folded is each wing,
For since their friend has gone away,
The songbirds do not sing.

The flowers all hang their heads in gloom,
And sadly seem to say,
"Why should we longer care to bloom,
Since he has gone away?"

The very clouds all seemed to know
Their friend was sick and dying,
For all the month they hovered low,
And spent their time in crying.

But courage, friends! Be brave and strong,
For though he's gone above,
He left the whole wide world a song—
A song of world-wide love!
Atlanta, Ga.

Selections

"BILLY" SUNDAY'S BIBLE.

Twenty-two years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered the wonderful temple of Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the Old Testament art galleries where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob and Daniel hang on the wall. I passed into the music room of Psalms, where the spirit swept the keyboard of nature until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the chamber of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was heard; and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley's sweet-scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, and then into the observatory room of the prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes, pointed to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the bright and morning star, which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea for our salvation.

I entered the audience room of the King of Kings, and caught a vision of His glory from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and passed into the Acts of the Apostles, where the Holy Spirit was doing his work in the formation of the infant church. Then into the correspondence room where sat Paul, Peter, James and John, penning their epistles. I stepped into the throne room of Revelations, where tottered the glittering peaks, and got a vision of the King sitting upon the throne in all His glory, and I cried:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

HOW SPURGEON FOUND CHRIST.

(As Told By Himself.)

I had been about five years in the most fearful distress of mind, as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God's law, I can indeed pity and sympathize with him.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had so sinned against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed—the Lord knoweth how I prayed—but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I knew of. I searched the word of God: the promises were more alarming than the threatenings—I read the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the gospel. I was in a Christian land; I had Christian parents; but I did not understand the freeness and simplicity of the gospel.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe I did not hear the gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who always preached about the law, but what was the use of plowing up ground that needed to be sown? I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" but I did not know what it was to believe in Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now, had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snow-storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In that chapel there might be a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning; snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach.

This poor man was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in the text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says, 'Look.' Now that does not take a deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger; it is just 'look.' Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. You may be the biggest fool and yet you can look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Any one can look: a child can look.

But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto Me.' Ay," said he, in broad Essex, "many on ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No: look to Him by and by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some of you say, 'I must wait the Spirit's working.' You have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs, 'Look unto Me.'"

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look! I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. O, look to Me! look to Me!"

When he had got about that length, and

managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life, and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey, now, this moment, you will be saved."

Then he shouted, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ; look now!" He made me start in my seat; but I did look to Jesus Christ.

There and then, the cloud was gone; the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun. I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the precious blood of Christ, and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh that somebody had told me that before,—Trust Christ, and you shall be saved.

But it was, no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever say:

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy wounds supplied for me,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall forever be."

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOME.

There is no such school of Bible religion in the land as a happy, God-fearing home; no church so effective for restraint from evil, and for growth in all Christian graces, as "the church in the house." There stands the domestic altar. There is felt the influence that molds character from the cradle to the judgment seat; such a home on earth is the surest preparation for the home eternal. Of this "church in the house," the parents are the God-ordained pastors. The conversation of the fireside, the books selected for their reading, the amusements chosen for their recreation, the society that is invited and the aims set before them, all bear in one and the right way. It is in the power of every parent to help or to sadly hinder the salvation of the offspring. May God help all parents to fulfill their high and holy trusteeship.—Cuyler.

HOME AT NIGHT.

By Mrs. Galusa Anderson.

I stood amid the crowded ways
Where toil and traffic meet,
And thought I heard time's pendulum swing;
'Twas but the rush of feet.
I thought I heard the cry of earth,
The groaning of her pain;
It was the city roar and din
That sank and rose again.
Oh, weary life, oh, dreary way,
Oh, unavailing fight—
Who could outlive the anxious day,
Came he not home at night?
Home, home at night! The golden heads,
The auburn and the brown,
Are shining 'gainst the window panes,
In country and in town.
The door is opened with a shout
And, from the outside cold,
The weary man by tender hands
Is drawn into the fold.
Sweet foretaste of the Father's house,
Through whose star-windows bright,
We see so many eager eyes
Watch for us every night.
So many tender hands draw back
The doorway curtain blue,
As weary feet the threshold press
And joyfully pass through.
And where the heavenly Father's voice,
That dearest voice and best,
Says, "Come, poor child, poor footsore child,
Welcome to home and rest." —Exchange